Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy gooſe.
The Muſicke playes.
Hot. Now I perceive the Divell underſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no marvell he is ſo humorous,
By'rlady he is a good muſician.
La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhee ſings.
Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.
Hot. Come, i'le have your Song too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I live, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou never walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, i'le away within theſe 2. hours, and ſo come in when you will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, wee'le but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, give us leave, the *Prince* of *Wales*, and I,
Muſt have ſome private conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeve, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Majeſty, I would I could
Quite all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deviſde,
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe needs muſt heare,
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of

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